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GENIUS AND FANCY;

OR,

DRAMATIC SKETCHES:

WITH OTHER

POEMS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY MARY JULIA YOUNG.

THE Poem of Genius and Fancy, or Dramatic Sketches, *wrote* in 1792, was designed for a separate publication, some hundred copies printed, and many presentation ones circulated; but upon consideration, being thought rather too trivial, to appear by itself, the Authoress has added the subsequent Poems; and flatters herself, the candour of an indulgent Public, will make allowance for the changes that have taken place in the Dramatic World since the above period, the chief of which are the DEATHS of General BURGOYNE, (Author of the Maid of the Oaks, the Lord of the Manor, and the Heiress,) Mrs. WEBB, Mr. BADDELEY, &c.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Genius and Fancy, or Dramatic Sketches	5
The Flood an Iriſh Tale	17
Conſtancy an Ode	25
To Miſs———, on ſpending too much time at her Looking-glaſs	29
The Gather'd Roſe	30
The Natal Day	32
To the Blighting Wind	35
On the Character of Æneas being performed by Mrs. Crouch	36
A Song	38
To the Zephyr	39
A Sonnet	41
Sonnet to Dreams	42
An Ode to Fancy	43

TO THOSE,

WHOSE DRAMATIC EXCELLENCE

SUGGESTED THE FOLLOWING

LITTLE POEM,

IT IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR SINCERE

ADMIRER,

THE AUTHOR.

GENIUS AND FANCY;

OR,

DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

RECLIN'D on the ſide of the *Ever-green hill,
As Genius was penſively biting her quill;
She beheld on the ſummit gay Fancy diſporting,
Whoſe aid the poor Bards are inceſſantly courting:
Genius beg'd ſhe'd deſcend and aſſiſt her to write,
For what Fancy dictates is ſure to delight;
That without her in vain for a theme ſhe had toil'd:
Fancy heard, and well pleas'd with the compliment, ſmil'd,
Then wav'd her light wings, ſhedding odours around,
And down ſwiftly glided till Genius ſhe found;
Who enraptur'd beheld the fair Nymph at her ſide,
For Genius and Fancy ſhould never divide.

* Parnaſſus.

" Tell

" Tell me why, lovely friend, you've ſo long been away,
What gay ſcenes have detain'd you, with whom did you ſtay?"

" In the groves of Parnaſſus dear Genius I ſtray'd,
Where each Muſe to divert me her talents diſplay'd:
They *all* have their *charms*, but *Thalia* the *moſt*,
Such *variety* which of the Siſters can boaſt!
Like the ſun when he riſes to welcome the May,
She diſpels gloomy ſhades and enlivens the day:
In her form all the beauties of ſymmetry join,
And her features expreſs animation divine:
Her treſſes that art ne'er attempted to bind,
Wave looſe o'er her boſom with flowers entwin'd,
That ſeem with the beautiful ringlets to grow,
So ſweet is their fragrance, ſo vivid their glow.

The Graces adorn her with faſhions quite new,
When they put on her mantle of changeable hue,
While beneath the light folds wanton Zephyrus' ſtealing,
Slyly fans it aſide, ſome new beauty revealing.

To *her* all the turns of *true humour* belong;
In *Satires'* clear glaſs ſhe diſcerns *right* from *wrong*;
She gives to Morality poliſh and eaſe,
Makes Virtue alluring, and Sentiment pleaſe:
The gay Sallies of wit, by *her* ſenſe are corrected,
What *delights* is *preſerv'd*, what *corrupts* is *rejected:*
Jocund Mirth with his farſical jeſt oft' diverts her,
But Buffoonry ſhocks, and Vulgarity hurts her.

While at *diſtance dull* mortals her favours implore,
On my bright ſilver wings to her *preſence I* ſoar,
There bleſt in her converſe, I gaze and admire,
Attend her inſtructions, her graces acquire.

This lively Enchantreſs complain'd to Apollo,
That his ſons were too idle her dictates to follow.
There's MURPHY (ſhe ſaid) once my pride and delight,
In ſupport of *Thalia* refuſes to write.
By him poor *Melpomene* too is neglected,
How long by us both was he lov'd and protected!
Bid the Truant return once again to his bowers,
Where the *cypreſs* is freſh, and ſtill blooming the *flowers.*

Then

Then, what has extinguiſh'd my SHERIDAN's fire!
Whom the ſpirit of Congreve once ſeem'd to inſpire?
Rejoicing, I triumph'd, ſuch talents to ſee,
When ungrateful he flies, and turns rebel to me.
Why devote all his time to political rage?
And adorning the Senate, impov'riſh the Stage!

Some *others* to idleneſs too much incline;
Can you tell me bright Phœbus why *ſlumbers* BURGOYNE?
I beg you'll aſſemble them all to your court,
And make them the rights of Thalia ſupport."

The God to fulfil her deſires conſented,
When Fame to Thalia a parchment preſented.

" O Fancy (ſhe ſaid, as the ſcroll ſhe unfurl'd)
Fame has brought me a Liſt from the Dramatic World.
'Tis the names of all thoſe who acknowledge *my reign*,
Firſt—whom does my kingdom of Drury retain?

Form'd to move in the elegant ſphere of high life,
Here's my FARREN, for either maid, widow, or wife;

For

For *tragedy* ſcenes the fair nymph is too gay,
Yet Melpomene once ſtrove to draw her away;
And to pique me, oft forc'd her the buſkin to wear,
Though ſhe knew comic ſmiles in her face would appear.
But the Muſe was ſo lucky a SIDDONS to find,
And all further claim to *my* FARREN reſign'd.

Then JORDAN, the whimſical, lively, and ſmart,
With humour unbounded attracts ev'ry heart;
Unaffected and playful ſhe trips o'er the ſtage,
And her charms ever-new admiration engage.

Next beautiful CROUCH—how correct is her mien!
Around her ſoft feminine graces are ſeen:
She *ſpeaks* with propriety, judgement, and eaſe,
And her *ſong*, e'en the God of Parnaſſus can pleaſe.

Here's my darling STORACE, all frolic and gay,
Whoſe preſence can baniſh dull care far away;
By harmony nurſt on Italia's warm plains,
She *there* learnt to breathe her mellifluous ſtrains.

And KELLY too, bred in that muſical clime,
Is perfectly ſkill'd in the ſcience ſublime.
Then, the arch little BLAND, who enchants with her ſong,
While Timidity's charms to mild HAGLEY belong.
SEDGWICK, DIGNUM, and WILLIAMS, their powers combine,
And add ample ſtrength to the harmonic line.

Here's my HOPKINS, who often excites peals of laughter,
And gracing her ſide modeſt KEMBLE her daughter;
Whoſe huſband Melpomene's favourite ſon,
Oft to revel in my gayer ſcenes I have won:
For KEMBLE, dear Fancy, with judgement and wit,
Can poliſh the Dramas my ancient Bards writ;
He rubs off with care what defiles the pure gold,
That Taſte may delighted their beauties behold.

For talents unrival'd I glory in KING,
What crouds his Sir Peter and Ogleby bring!
Next PARSONS and POPE, two *great favourites* I ſee,
Who are *excellent both*, and *true ſubjects* to *me*.
With features ſo pretty, and perſon ſo neat;
For the ſmart petit-maître ſure DODD is compleat.

And

And here's lovely GOODALL, that elegant *double*,*
Whom the candid reward with applauſe for her trouble,
With what joy I receiv'd truant PALMER again,
Tho' attach'd to my ſiſter, he *graces my train*.
This *Deſerter*, once join'd with the pantomime throng,
And we both much lamented to loſe him ſo long.

His *Brother* too ſtrives all his worth to inherit,
And with pleaſure I ſee him increaſing in merit.
Vaſt improvement in BARRYMORE too I diſcover,
Who plays with refinement the Friend and the Lover.
I am honor'd by WROUGHTON'S reſpectable name,
And what praiſe and eſteem may young BANNISTER claim!†
WARD, well can expreſs high reſentment and rage,
Soft POWELL the ſtorm of rude paſſion aſſwage.
To AICKIN, paternal affection I truſt,
Like BENSLEY, to ſenſe and propriety juſt.
With his grim-looking viſage my BADDELEY's here,
And his *Canton, ſly Jew, and proud Baron* appear!

For

* Mrs. Goodall play'd for Miſs Farren, Mrs Crouch, and Mrs. Jordan, in the courſe of laſt Seaſon.

† The Father of this Excellent Comedian, and truly amiable Man, was not re-engaged till after this Poem was ſent to the Preſs, which the Author hopes will be a ſufficient excuſe for not naming him among the Vocal Performers.

For true worth's repreſentative PACKER I find,
Who wears the original ſtamp'd on his mind.
Then here's MOODY—was long-approv'd MOODY to leave me,
Indeed deareſt Fancy 'twould very much grieve me.
SUETT, WALDRON, and BURTON, a humourous group,
With *many* of merit compleat the gay troop.

In my other large kingdom appear ſide by ſide,
POPE, HOLMAN, and ESTEN, Melpomene's pride;
They gracefully move under her ſable banners,
Yet aſſiſt *me* ſometimes juſt to ſhew their *good manners*.
Here's my LEWIS! who oft with a face full of woe,
Has touch'd the ſoft boſom and made the tears flow;
My ſiſter believ'd the grave youth was her own,
And indeed for a time he prefer'd *her* alone:
'Till weary of tragical ſighing and dying,
He found he lov'd laughing much better than crying;
And revolted to *me*—I was proud to obtain him,
And he's now grown ſo wild I can hardly reſtrain him.
Next, his beautiful WIFE, who ſo ſeldom appears,
That her powers ſeem check'd by her feminine fears.

He lets the world ſee her to ſhew how he's bleſt,
For peace, love, and virtue, reſide in her breaſt.
I regard buſy MATTOCKS—there cannot be found
A being more valiant on Dramatic ground:
Affectation, vulgarity, flippancy, rage,
This ſucceſsful Heroine can fearleſs engage.
To *impreſs* tender ſentiments MERRY excells;
And to portray ſimplicity, beautiful WELLS.
Tho' AICKIN and FARREN for buſkins were born,
I often entice them my ſcenes to adorn.
Grave HARLEY too joins with theſe wav'ring friends,
But MUNDEN and QUICK make me ample amends.
Theſe men are poſſeſs'd of ſuch vaſt Comic ſkill,
They make Wiſdom and Gravity laugh when they will.
Nor are WILSON and FAWCET deficient in ſpirit;
And in parts of low humour the ROCKS have great merit.
With a face prepoſſeſſing, fine form, and good voice,
In CHAPMAN, I've ſurely ſome cauſe to rejoice.
But for rural coquetry, what village-bred laſs
Can that ſoul-chearing ſongſtreſs blyth MARTYR ſurpaſs?
With her jocund BLANCHARD can hail the new May,
And vie with the ſhepherds in ruſtical lay:
But what creature this rude little plow-boy can know,
When aſſuming the airs, and the dreſs of a beau.

Gentle MOUNTAIN's ſoft ſonnets attention will bind,
For meekneſs and modeſty beam from her mind.
While DARLEY, the *Farmer*, boaſts *lineal worth*,
How it ſhines in his ſong and eclipſes *high birth!*
Here's my JOHNSTONE and INCLEDON! ſpleen flies before them,
And the lovers of melody almoſt adore them.
CUBITT, DAVIES, and others, oft pleaſe with their ſong;
And for BILLINGTON's wreath *female candidates* throng;
Like the apple of gold 'twas the mark of contention,
Each threw in her claim, and ſet forth her pretenſion.
To decide between *three* was too much for young Paris,
How more than that number muſt puzzle poor HARRIS!
He left the hard cauſe to the public deciſion,
Who applauded his candor, and judg'd with preciſion.
Still with fond expectation each view'd the rich prize,
As it hung up aloft, how it dazzled their eyes!
But BILLINGTON's ſtrains once more thrill thro' the ear,
And ſteal from the ſoul Senſibility's tear.
Phœbus bids her reſume the bright circlet again,
And unrival'd the true Queen of Harmony reign.
To WEBB no uneaſineſs this will create,
Tho' her ſinging is uſeful and humour is great;
Her and PITT for my comic old matrons I love,
Such Duenna's and Nurſes ſure all muſt approve.

Behold

Behold vet'ran HULL—he's a man I revere,
For my Shakeſpear's good Adam I know not his peer.
And MARSHALL to favor will rapidly riſe,
A ſubject ſo loyal I've reaſon to prize.
The POWELS, and others, remain on the liſt,
Who deſerting their ſtations would greatly be miſs'd."

"Thalia, ſaid I, you have quite forgot one,
Pray where is your favourite ABINGTON gone?"

"Fatigu'd with the cares of my court for awhile,
She's return'd to Parnaſſus her time to beguile;
And reſides here with me, for we ſeldom can part,
She's my own by adoption, and twines round my heart;"
Nature form'd her for me, and exulting ſaid, "Take her,
Your inſtructions a ſecond Thalia will make her."
I preſs'd my lov'd charge to my boſom with pleaſure,
Thank'd the Goddeſs, enraptur'd, and brought home my treaſure,

To improve and adorn her was all my delight,
I wove her a garland and cloath'd her in white;
My air, voice, and actions, ſhe preſently caught,
And the excellent mimic was eaſily taught.
So correct are her manners they want no reſtriction,
For her love and obedience exceeds all deſcription.
From her youth to this moment the dutiful creature,
Tho' adopted by *me* never *once forgot Nature.*

Her

Her perfections with joy I behold in their prime,
Unimpair'd by the ravaging power of Time,
Who bows as he paſſes, ſuppoſing her free,
For deceiv'd by the *likeneſs* he takes her for me.
That *likeneſs* with *pride* to the world I will own,
And again make myſelf in my ABINGTON known.
When ſhe leaves me, the Graces with pleaſure attend her,
And Minerva herſelf, will from Envy defend her;
Whoſe Ægis repelling each venom-fraught dart,
They ſwiftly recoil on the hag's ranc'rous heart."

"Juſt then, you invok'd me, and ſmiling ſhe ſaid,
"I think I hear Genius imploring your aid."
Go, go my dear Fancy, I'm pleas'd when you meet,
Unreſerv'd all you hear on Parnaſſus repeat.
Tell Genius this liſt to her hands I conſign,
With their names let their comic abilities join."
"Again you invok'd me, delighted I came,
Let us finiſh the Scroll, then return it to Fame."

THE

FLOOD.

AN

IRISH TALE.

CLOSE by the River Shannon's ſide,
The Peaſant DONNEL dwelt;
Few were the flocks and herds he had,
And few the wants he felt.

Fair KATHLEEN many years had been
The partner of his life;
The tendereſt, fondeſt, mother ſhe,
The kindeſt, trueſt, wife!

Six ſmiling roſy infants cheer'd
The happy parent's days;
For them, well pleas'd, the father toil'd,
'Midſt ſummer's ſcorching rays.

For them, regardleſs of the ſtorm,
Thro' pouring rain he'd go;
For them he'd brave the piercing blaſt,
And wade thro' frigid ſnow.

Then homeward as he bent his way,
Would ſing a ruſtic ſong,
And well the wife and children know
To whom the ſtrains belong.

They croud about the Cabin door
To gain the firſt careſs,
While the enraptur'd father ſtrives
Each darling child to bleſs.

Domeſtic bliſs his toil o'erpaid,
No anxious cares intrude;
Content adorns his ſtraw-roof'd ſhed,
And health his playful brood.

Tranſient, alas! and inſecure,
Is ev'ry earthly joy!
And Heav'n can in one fatal hour,
Whole years of bliſs deſtroy!

One night diſturb'd from balmy ſleep—
Sleep oft unknown to wealth,
Of baniſh'd courts, yet always found
With innocence and health.

That night! poor DONNEL waking, cry'd
"I hear the diſmal low
"Of herds diſtreſs'd! my ſheep too bleat!
"Ah! what can ail them now?

E're he aroſe—th' impetuous flood
Thro' ev'ry crevice breaks;
And looſen'd from the melting ground,
The clay-built cabin ſhakes.

Affrighted KATHLEEN round him clings,
"O ſave my Babes!" ſhe cries—
Then ſtarting from her huſband's arms,
To *them* ſhe trembling flies.

The flock-beds float—the children ſcream,
The father ſtrives in vain
To daſh the foaming torrent back,
It ſoon returns again.

Awhile the lowly manſion ſwims,
At length in ruins toſt;
Sad DONNEL ſees amidſt the wreck
His ev'ry comfort loſt.

" Bear rapid ſtream away," he ſaid—
" All, all my hard earn'd ſtore;
" Spare but my wife, my children ſpare,
" I aſk, I want no more."

His wife (an infant at her breaſt)
One nervous arm upheld,
And one with more than human force,
The ruſhing flood repell'd.

His Boys, who oft in ſportive mirth
On Shannon's boſom play'd,
Exerted now their utmoſt ſkill
To give their ſiſters aid.

Struggling they kept above the ſtream,
They reach'd the riſing ground,
And in the covert of a barn,
A welcome ſhelter found.

With

With terror DONNEL round him gaz'd—
Thrice counts his children o'er;
" They live, *all* live!—he raptur'd cries!
" Kind Heav'n I aſk no more."

Cold, naked, wet, the hapleſs group,
O'ercome with labour lay;
When Lord FITZ-MAURICE with his men
Came riding down that way.

Sprung from a long illuſtrious race,
He owns the neigh'bouring lands,
And near the Shannon's pleaſant banks,
His ancient Caſtle ſtands.

Nor *Titles*, nor high birth *alone*,
Grace *his* exalted name;
By Heav'n-born worth and virtuous deeds,
He gains immortal Fame.

He could not on his downy bed
At eaſe ſupinely reſt;
Rous'd by humanity, he came
To ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.

He ſees wide o'er the ravag'd ſhore;
The ſwelling river roll;
He ſees the ruſtic fragments float,
And ſorrow fills his ſoul.

" Ah! when this cot, he ſays, was wreck'd,
" No friendly aid was nigh!
" I fear beneath the wat'ry waſte
" The hapleſs tenants lie!

" What devaſtation has been made
" In one tremendous night!
" The miſty vapours ſeem to hide
" From day the diſmal ſight."

Now pierc'd with cold the children cry,
He hears the plaintive ſound;
And turning to the friendly barn,
The toil-worn objects found.

Quickly he leap'd from off his ſteed,
And kind compaſſion felt;
For ever at an other's woe,
His gentle heart would melt.

But when the gen'rous Lord beheld
Poor DONNEL's well-known face,
And ſaw poor KATHLEEN ſhiv'ring there,
With all her infant race.

" Weep not, (he ſaid), my valued friends,
" Since Heav'n's protecting care,
" Has from the FLOOD preſerv'd your lives,
" Your loſſes I'll repair.

" Chief fav'rite of my peaſant train,
" Thy love was true to me;
" Nor can my grateful heart forget
" I owe my life to thee.

" That day when careleſsly I fell
" From Shannon's verdant ſide,
" And all encumber'd with my cloaths,
" My ſtrength its aid deny'd.

" 'Twas you plung'd in with eager haſte
" Your little friend to ſave;
" Who but for faithful DONNEL then
" Had found a wat'ry grave.

" Soon

" Soon ev'ry bleſſing ſhall be thine,
" That rural plenty yields;
" A well-built farm, from floods ſecure,
" Flocks, herds, and fertile fields.

" Till when, good DONNEL, you and yours,
" Shall to my caſtle come,
" And find within its peaceful walls,
" A ſafe and happy home.

" No thanks, my friends, for while my hands
" Theſe gifts on you beſtow,
" My heart will feel the trueſt bliſs
" That can from riches flow.

" Since thanks, the grateful DONNEL ſaid,
" My gracious Lord offend,
" For him our fervent prayers to heav'n
" Shall morn and eve aſcend."

CONSTANCY.

CONSTANCY.

AN ODE.

STELLA the pride of Devon's flow'ry plains,
With cold indiff'rence heard adoring ſwains,
Since cruel war to diſtant climes remov'd
The only youth her gentle heart approv'd,
The blooming hero, honor's call obey'd,
Tho' more than life he lov'd the charming maid.
With him fair STELLA's ev'ry bliſs was fled,
And ſad deſpair oft whiſper'd "HENRY's dead."
One day beſide a murm'ring ſtream reclin'd,
In plaintive ſtrains, ſhe thus reliev'd her mind.

In vain I ſtrive to hide my woe,
The ſigh will riſe, the tear will flow,
And ev'ry look declare;
The love, that glows within my breaſt,
The grief, that robs my ſoul of reſt,
And fills it with deſpair.

The gay return of flowr'y ſpring,
The tuneful notes theſe warblers ſing,
The bluſh of riſing morn;
Delight not while I lonely ſtray,
And grieve that HENRY far away
From STELLA's arms is torn.

Sighing ſhe paus'd—nor knew her artleſs ſtrain
Was heard by CELEDON, the rich, the vain;
Who tho' repuls'd defi'd the frowning maid,
And thus his paſſion and his wealth diſplay'd.

Stay my cruel charmer ſtay!
Hear an ardent lover ſue,
Do not STELLA turn away,
Look on one who dies for you.

Ceres and Pomona join
Each year to bleſs my fertile ground;
All thoſe flocks and herds are mine
That graze the verdant hills around.

Ceaſe fair STELLA thus to pain me,
Abſent ſwains may prove untrue,
Scornful maid! e'er you diſdain me,
Know if HENRY thinks of you.

On STELLA's cheek a bluſh indignant glows,
Empearl'd with tears, like dew drops on a roſe,
With look auſtere ſhe views the haughty youth,
And nobly boaſts her firm unſhaken truth.

Not all your wealth, miſtaken ſwain,
Not all your arts will do,
In vain you ſtrive my heart to gain;
My Heart to HENRY true.

Go, ſeek a maid whoſe ſordid ſoul,
By riches may be caught;
They ne'er can STELLA's love controul,
Or alter one fond thought.

And ceaſe by your contracted mind,
To meaſure HENRY's love,
Too fix'd for falſhood to unbind,
Or abſence to remove.

Gay CELEDON with ſelf-important air,
And careleſs bow, thus jeers the conſtant fair,

Farewell STELLA—yet be wiſe
Tears will ſpoil thoſe brilliant eyes,

Sorrow

Sorrow tinge that ſkin of ſnow,
Make thy roſes pallid grow.
When that face hath loſt its charms,
Who will court thee to their arms?
Repenting too late,
When you ſigh and complain,
Will *they* pity your fate
Who have felt your diſdain?
Farewell STELLA—yet be wiſe,
Fairer nymphs my heart will prize.

STELLA once more alone, her thoughts expreſs'd,
And to the Gods, this fervent prayer addreſs'd,

Guardian powers who hear me ſigh,
Shield my love when danger's nigh!
From diſtant lands where tumult reigns,
O lead him to theſe peaceful plains!
My ſoul will bleſs the happy day!
Rapture chace my grief away,
When for glorious deeds renown'd
My HENRY comes with laurels crown'd,
Myrtle with his wreath I'll twine,
Love and glory ſhall combine.

To MISS ——,

On Her ſpending too much Time at Her Looking-Glaſs.

WHILE at the mirror, lovely maid
You trifle time away,
Reflect how ſoon your bloom will fade,
How ſoon your charms decay.

By nature form'd to pleaſe the eye,
All ſtudied airs diſdain,
From art, from affectation fly,
And faſhions light and vain.

Turn from the glaſs and view your mind,
On that beſtow your care,
Improve, correct it, till you find
No imperfections there.

Make it the ſeat of every grace,
Of charms that will encreaſe;
And give bright luſtre to the face,
When youth and beauty ceaſe.

Charms, that will gain a worthy heart,
And laſting love inſpire,
That will thro' life true bliſs impart,
Nor yet, with life expire.

THE GATHER'D ROSE.

ONE day I pluck'd to deck my thoughtleſs breaſt
A lovely roſe ſurpaſſing all the reſt!
With pride I ſaw its bluſhing charms diſplay'd,
But, e'er full blown the blooming beauties fade!
Still longer to preſerve my fav'rite flower,
I ſought the cryſtal ſtream's enliv'ning power;
Bent o'er the vaſe the drooping mourner hung,
And thus pathetic to my fancy ſung.

Sole cauſe of my langor and pain,
No art can my beauty reſtore!
You ſtrive to revive me in vain,
Alas! I ſhall flouriſh no more!

By nature I fondly was nurſt,
This day to perfection I grew,
This day from my priſon I burſt,
And now fall a victim to you!

From

From the bow'r I bloom'd to adorn
You cruelly tore me away,
Unmov'd by the tears of the morn
Preſaging my early decay.

Unmov'd by ſoft Zephyrus' ſigh,
Who hover'd in terror around!
You, pityleſs doom'd me to die,
You gave me the life-rending wound.

My ruin alone I could bear,
But tyrant your ravage behold!
Alas! this once promiſing pair
Will *never their* beauties unfold!

How tenderly oft' from the blight
I ſhelter'd each innocent head!
You came and deſtroy'd my delight!
See ſpoiler my infants are dead!

Yet know, tho' by grief rudely torn,
Theſe leaves that fall wither'd and pale,
On the wings of my Zephyrus borne
Shall ſcent with their fragrance the gale.

THE NATAL DAY.

To a Weſtminſter Scholar, at Windſor, during the Autumn Receſs.

Wrote *Auguſt* 21, 1787.

WHILE you through Windſor's green retreat,
Now bend your thoughtful way,
And contemplate the muſes ſeat,
On this your Natal Day,

O may the tuneful maids attend
To harmonize your lay,
And each her kind aſſiſtance lend
On this your Natal Day.

May Phœbus deck'd in radiant light
Dart down a beaming ray,
Of inſpiration while you write,
On this your Natal Day.

See Fame o'er Windſor's lofty tow'rs,
A laurel wreath diſplay,
Juſt gather'd from the verdant bow'rs
On William's Natal Day:*

* Duke of Clarence born on the 21ſt of *Auguſt*.—Then on his voyage to Quebec.

And

And hark! I hear her trumpet ſound!
I hear the goddeſs ſay,
" By Fame ſhall Albion's prince be crown'd
" On this his Natal Day;

" To Neptune's palace, where he dwells,
" I'll wing my rapid way,
" There, ſportive Tritons ſound their ſhells
" To hail his Natal Day.

" The Sea-god gives a ſplendid ball,
" He bids his court be gay,
" And dance in his tranſparent hall,
" On William's Natal Day."

Now, o'er *your* head the goddeſs flies,—
She drops a ſprig of bay,
And, " take it gentle youth (ſhe cries,)
" On this thy Natal Day,

" For not to royalty alone,
" Will Fame, attention pay;
" To me thine humble merit's known,
" On this thy Natal Day.

" Soon ſhalt thou find me favor'd youth,
" On learning's hill I'll ſtay,
" With virtue, wiſdom, honor, truth,
" To bleſs thy Natal Day."

She's ſilent and purſues her flight!
May you her words obey,
And give your friends ſupreme delight
On ev'ry Natal Day.

TO

TO THE

BLIGHTING WIND.

HENCE, thou untimely blaſt!
Winter's iron reign is paſt,
Hence, like the hoary monarch ſleep,
Nor with thy icy wing
Thus rudely ſweep
The fragrant chaplet from the brow of ſpring!
In pity ſpare
Her promis'd fruit, her opening flowers,
Nor wildly ruſhing through her bowers,
The interwoven bloſſoms tear.
Shrinking within their verdant beds,
The timid roſes hide their bluſhing heads,
They reſt ſecure;
'Till waked by Zephyr's kiſſes warm and pure,
While the fair progeny of May,
Beneath thy chilling breath decay!
Hence, thou untimely blaſt
To caverns drear,
Nor thus when winter's reign is paſt,
Of vernal charms deſpoil the year.

ON

ON THE

Character of Æneas, in the Opera of Dido,

BEING PERFORMED

BY MRS. CROUCH.

CLAD like a modern courtly dame,
From Paphos iſle fair Venus came,
To view her glorious ſon once more,
Leave Carthage and the Lybian ſhore,
Cold to the love-devoted queen
Whoſe woes inſpir'd the mimic ſcene;
" Alas!" the Cyprian goddeſs cry'd,
With all a partial mother's pride,
" Who dares aſſume his more than mortal charms
" His awful brow, ſo terrible in arms?
" What dauntleſs hero now has ſtrength to wield
" Æneas' ſpear, or bear his pond'rous ſhield?'
As thus ſhe ſpoke, loud martial notes proclaim,
The man whoſe proweſs won immortal fame.
" O father Jove!" the queen of beauty cries,
" What form effeminate inſults mine eyes?

" Is

" Is *this* the warrior tuneful Maro ſung,
" (While I enraptur'd bleſs'd the poet's tongue,)
" That ſlender frame and ſmooth unrazor'd chin,
" Thoſe ruby lips, ſoft eyes, that ſilken ſkin;
" That voice which emulates celeſtial ſong,
" Could they to *brave* Æneas e'er belong?
" Could theſe weak ſhoulders too with filial care,
" The ſacred load of great Anchiſes bear?
" O no! 'tis jealous Vulcan's envious deed,
" Who like my ſon, has dreſs'd thy Ganymede.
" Recal, dread Sire, recal thy lovely Page,
" His falſe appearance will deceive the age!
" How can that form in warlike habit ſhine,
" Which in a *female garb* reſembles *mine*? "

A

SONG.

AGAIN, I hear my Damon's voice,
I bleſs the well-known ſound!
Again, I ſee his magic ſmiles,
Diffuſing joys around!

I feel my heart with rapture beat!
I feel my boſom burn!
For Love that in his abſence ſleeps,
Awakes at his return.

The ardent kiſs—the tender ſigh,
Reſtores the ſmother'd flame,
While each love-ſpeaking look declares,
My Damon ſtill the ſame.

But ah! how tranſient this delight,
Soon call'd to diſtant plains,
With *him* the bliſsful *moment flies*,
The tedious *year remains*.

TO THE

ZEPHYR.

SOFT Gale while you fan me with light viewleſs wing,
O tell me o'er what diſtant plains you have ſtray'd,
If from Devon this freſhneſs—theſe odours you bring,
And if on my Damon's high poplars you've play'd?

'Twas *his* hand, gentle Zephyr, that planted them there;
And *dear* are thoſe high-waving poplars to me;
Ah, could I now flit thro' the regions of air,
And play on their dew-dripping foliage like thee!

If (haply fatigu'd with the noon's ſultry hours)
You ſee him beneath their green umbrage recline,
Breathe this kiſs on his lips as you fly o'er his bow'rs,
And whiſper—Ah no, do not whiſper 'tis *mine*.

Yet tell me, thoſe lips are adorn'd with a ſmile,
And tell me, that health decks his fair open brow,
For *this*, can the pangs of long abſence beguile,
For *this*, my glad heart ſhall with gratitude bow.

If

If ſickneſs depreſses his elegant form,
If Grief's freezing hand ſteals content from his breaſt,
Such tidings demand the rude breath of a *ſtorm*,
You will not—*You* cannot deprive me of reſt!

Yet, O gentle gale! now you witneſs my fears,
To Devon convey theſe ſad proofs of my woe,
Let Damon's fair flow'rets be gem'd with my tears,
And let my ſoft ſighs, thro' his poplar leaves blow.

If then, aërial friend, while you're ſoaring above,
You ſee him to gather a myrtle incline,
Fan my tears to his breaſt from that emblem of love,
Ah, tell him—yes—*tell him*, kind Zephyr, they're *mine*.

SONNET.

SONNET.

VEIL, veil, thee, thou unfeeling queen of night,
Nor force my tongue to execrate thy rays;
For oh! Elwinna ſaw by their pale light,
A ſcene—that blaſted all her bliſsful days.

Slowly the warriors trod the dewy plain,
My dying Edgar on their ſhields they bore!
I ſaw the crimſon flood his boſom ſtain,
He look'd—he—ſigh'd, but, ah! he ſpoke no more.

Can'ſt thou forget how oft, when thy bright beam,
Broider'd with ſilver nature's verdant veſt,
And ſcatter'd gems on Severn's lucid ſtream,
How oft with Edgar thou haſt ſeen me bleſt!

That, o'er his turf while I ſad vigils keep,
Thou can'ſt thus—coldly, thus ſerenely, *ſleep!*

SONNET

TO DREAMS.

HAIL, gentle ſpirits! who with magic wing,
Chace the dark clouds of ſullen night away,
And from her murky cave my freed ſoul bring,
To revel in the radiant beams of day.

What are you, ſay? or earthly or divine,
Who thus can chear the pauſe of dull repoſe;
With chymic art the droſs of ſleep refine,
And beauteous ſcenes to *curtain'd eyes* diſcloſe?

What are you! who ſubduing time and ſpace,
To bleſs theſe moments can a friend reſtore?
I hear that voice—behold that form—that face,
And grateful own your pow'r can give no more!

Hail gentle ſpirits! to whoſe guardian care,
I owe ſuch bliſs—yet, know not what you are!

AN

AN

ODE TO FANCY.

TELL me, blyth Fancy, ſhall I chuſe
A tragic ſubject for my muſe?
Her flowing treſſes ſhall the willow bind,
While fading roſes at her feet expire,
Shall ſhe to love-lorn ſonnets be confin'd,
Or tune to elegiac ſtrains her lyre?
Then, as ſweetly reſponſive ſad Philomel ſings,
Thrilling cadences float on calm night's dewy wings,
While the ſtars to her ſorrow-dim'd eyes faint appear,
And the pallid moon trembling, is drown'd in a tear.

Or in melancholy's cell,
Shall I make the ſongſtreſs dwell,
To weave a tragic ſcene of woe,
Such as Horror's children know?
There, Jealouſy with raging ſoul,
Mixes poiſon in the bowl,
Swift to the mad'ning brain it flies,
The victim raves, burns, freezes, dies.

There, pierc'd by anguiſh hopeleſs love expires,
There wild ambition fans deſtructive fires:
She ſees the ſteelly dagger gleam,
She hears the murd'rers' hollow tread!
Hears the birds of omen ſcream,
Wheeling o'er his guilty head!
While, wrapt in terror's ſhadowy veil,
Gliding ſpectres grace the tale,

Or, when tremendous thunders roll,
Light'nings flaſh, and tempeſts howl,
Shall ſhe climb the pendant rock,
Its rude baſe trembling at the ſhock,
And from the cloud-capt ſummit view
The ſcatter'd fleet, the death-devoted crew!
Some on foaming billows riſe,
And whirl amidſt inclement ſkies,
Then, ruſhing down the wat'ry ſteep,
Beneath the *ſtormy* ocean *ſleep*!
Others, with rudder broke, and ſhatter'd maſt,
Emerging from the deep,
Reel before the northern blaſt;
While the ſails, in ſhivers torn,
Uſeleſs o'er the ſurges ſweep:
On the tempeſt's rapid wing,

Swift

Swift to the fatal rock the wrecks are borne,
The rock! where never ſmil'd the verdant ſpring!
On its flinty ſide they daſh,
Bulging with a fearful craſh!
Happier thoſe the ſea entomb'd,
Then theſe to lingering miſery doom'd!
Whom famine ſeizes for his prey,
And ſlowly drags the ſtruggling life away.

Or ſhall ſhe toil o'er barren lands,
Deſerts drear, and burning ſands?
Where the Volcano's flaming head,
Fills the awe-ſtruck ſoul with dread!
When it vomits liquid fire,
Spreading conflagration dire,
Who can tread the ſcorching ground?
The air blows ſcalding ſteam around.
Turn,—— and on the ocean gaze,
The flames reflected in its boſom blaze,
While o'er the earth, the air, the main,
Fire, uſurping ſeems to reign.

Or ſhall ſhe bend her lonely way,
Thro' woods impervious to the beams of day,

Where wolves howl, and lions roar,
Thirſting after human gore,
Where the fierce banditti hide,
Cavern'd in the mountain's ſide,
Diſgrace and terror of mankind,
With human form, and ſavage mind!
Who, ere their bleeding victim dies,
Rapacious ſhare their lawleſs prize.

Or ſhall ſhe mount Bellona's car,
And drive amidſt the din of war,
Fearleſs of the whizzing ball,
Tho' dying heros round her fall.
And, when the approach of ſable night
Stops the ſtill-uncertain fight,
By the pale moon's languid ray,
O'er the field of horror ſtray.
And wading through the enſanguin'd plain,
View the pride of manhood ſlain?
Expoſed, neglected, the brave warrior lies,
Life's purple current ſtains his livid breaſt:
With pious hand, ſay, ſhall ſhe cloſe his eyes,
And wrap him decent in his martial veſt?

Can

Shall ſhe from the ſacred ground,
Chace the vultures hov'ring round,
Then, on each corſe, grief's pearly ſorrows ſhed,
And ſing a requiem o'er the ſilent dead!

Or to the cold, dark, charnel houſe repair,
And breathe its clammy, its infectious air?
While ſhe opes the grating door,
Death's laſt manſion to explore,
The ruſhing wind terrific groans,
And aweful ſhakes the mould'ring bones.
Shall ſhe dauntleſs there remain,
While a deep chilling ſilence reigns around,
And chaunting forth a ſolemn ſtrain,
From the dank walls hear Echo's dreary ſound?

No Fancy, no, ſhe loves to ſport,
In gay Thalia's comic court,
There her airy numbers ſings,
While ſhe lightly ſweeps the ſtrings.
Jocund, eaſy, unconfin'd,
Leaving haggard Care behind.
To a loftier muſe belong,
The graces of the tragic ſong.

Mine

Mine from the cradle to the tomb,
Strives to diſſipate the gloom:
Tho' nor ſkilful, nor ſublime,
She can ſmooth the brow of Time,
Charm his ſombrous frowns away,
And with the tedious minutes play.
Then tell me Fancy, *can* I chuſe,
A tragic theme for ſuch a muſe?

11 : 7 : 49

FINIS.